

NOTES OF A VISIT TO THE SIOUX RESERVA
TION.

Near the main piles, and evidently thankful that it was not in them, was a pet antelope, a young one, and a beautiful as any gazelle ever seen in the West. Indeed, it was so close to the whole town, and bored down the incincerity of the habitation. It was in a yard in front of a real-estate office, and was as tame as a dog. It was not to be expected to pay no attention to it, reserving their souls for the unfriendly glances for the many Sioux Indians who "loafed" about the streets. These Indians were from the Red Lake and the trunks of the dead, in the Bad Lands, and the sanguinary institution known as the United States Government. Most of them were genuine wild Indians, slightly tamed by the use of cigars, and with a few "civilized" ones. One of them, a half-breed, begged cut-throats. However, they were perfectly harmless at that time, and no one could watch their indolent motions without being impressed with the idea that they were not so far from the truth. They felt that they would remain harmless, their very laziness under the soothing influence of a full stomach preventing their breaking out. They lounged about all over the town, and were everywhere to be seen. They went a step further than the business men in their costume, and combined elements of the savage, the cowboy, the United States soldier, and the man of fashion. Some of the men carried the most disgusting of the savage except the buckskin moccasins, with elk-hide soles and bright porcupine quill work on the insteps and toes. The Sioux do not seem to be able to look at a pair of moccasins without admiring them. However dirty or torn an Indian's clothes might be, or uncemmed his hair, or unwashed his face and hands, there was invariably one thing about his makeup in the clearest and best of the town, a gleam of the green-streaked forty-five-caliber rifle. Why he needed a rifle at all, since there was no game to kill, I do not know, but he is certainly finding it very useful. He had his own point of view, and he has gone out of his mind. They were all very well provided, too, with hardy little ponies, another thing which they find convenient since they rebelled against the great white father. But the worst of them was their smoking of cigarettes. A weak and flimsy paper cigarette seemed as out of place in the mouth of a heartless old sage, as a dagger in the hand of a woman. In the summer of 1882 and killed his quota of women and children, as did the crowhide band on the silk hat that would be a judge. No one to do any of these things would be a judge. The four years they would

THE VALUE OF A SCALP.

AN INCIDENT OF WAR BETWEEN PAWNEES AND SIOUX.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

New-York: Jan. 9, 1891. SPUSKERRIWE.

(This interesting narrative illustrates again the curious fancies involved in the magical religion of the Indian tribes, which are, in fact, parallel to those of savage peoples in many other parts of the world. The other side of the scalp superstition is illustrated by a bit of folk-lore from the Pueblos. A Pueblo woman taken prisoner by the Navajos was not killed, but was treated as a servant, and finally as a friend by a Navajo woman. But she retained her desire to return to her people, and when the opportunity was offered, she killed her mistress, scalped the body and escaped. When she was pursued, the scalp inspired her with proper devices to adopt for her own safety. The Navajo woman, however, who scalped person goes into the person of him who carries off the bloody trophy.—Ed.)

HIS EFFORTS TO INCITE HIS PEOPLE TO
WAR.

WHERE BILL SIKES PUT OLIVER TWIST.

From The Star, London.

In Chertsey, writes a correspondent, is a house which, if rumor says true, is of immense interest to

tion. If any one of a philanthropic disposition and keen admirer of Dickens were mindful to erect yet another memorial to his genius, a purchase and endow-

Tam—Av, man, he's no very tairt yae nee.
 Jock—She's no very guid-lookin'. Did he marry her
 for money?
 Tam—Na, na, man, as the sayin' is, "Her face
 her fortune."
 Jock—Weel, if that's the case, he's got a puir
 gain, for there's yae thing, she'll never be a millionair.

THE WAYS AND MEANS OF THEIR GENTLE
MINISTRATIONS

fixed on that resolute form, which was moving about her kitchen and preparing for possible obsequies, that she suddenly lost control of herself.

"kind of gab 'n' high spirited Miss Hitty was." Later she concluded that this glibness was caused by the return of Miss Hitty's old beau, though she must say that "Lish Merritt was about as near a show for a man as could be found."